The People's Advocate.

$1.50 per Year, invariably in Advance. Principles, not Men; but Men as the Representatives of Principles. Single Copies, Five Cents.

VOL. VI. WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1881. NO. 10.

The Family Tree.

Oh a rare old plant is the family tree—
It sprouts all over the land;
And poor indeed must the family be
Which hasn't one close at hand.
Its ramifications are vast and wide—
It never knows when to stop;
Its age is its principal glory and pride,
And it never dies out at the top.

A man may be meaner than seventeen skunks,
And be honored, though worse than a brute,
If he's the possessor of one of these trunks,
With its branches well laden with fruit.
He can lie, he can steal, he can murder, perchance,
(At least some I know who have done it.)
His worth and importance 'twill only enhance,
If his tree has a "governor" on it.

In England a "lord" or a "duke" is preferred,
And any descendant of these
Can cut any capers—however absurd,
They're veiled by the family trees,
When it comes to a "prince," he's a god in disguise,
His faults are not subject to blame,
The people can't see them—they cover their eyes,
And speak of his glorious name.

And here, right at home, no matter how wild
Or wicked a fellow has been,
They look at the father, then judge of the child,
And thus they determine the sin!
If the parent is "general" "judge" or "M. C.,"
The faults of the son are passed by.
Of course when he owns such a family tree,
He couldn't do wrong if he'd try!

"By their fruits ye shall know them;" the Bible says,
But it's terribly altered now—
That isn't the manner we do it now-days—
We judge of the fruit by the bough.
The fruit may be anything else than fair—
Don't judge of it hastily:
You never can tell a peach from a pear
Until you've examined the tree!

THE VICTORY OF A FORLORN HOPE.

One morning Mark Devine found a note waiting for him on his office desk—a note without a crest, or monogram, or painted device; the paper pure white, thick, satin smooth, faintly and curiously perfumed, with the mingled odor of violets and frankincense. The handwriting was easy, with the ease of constant, yet careless practice, and the signature that of a woman rising rapidly to fame and wealth upon the ladder of her splendid mind and arduous, well-directed labor. He had known her well three years before, when she had come, alone and unaided, to pursue her career in the busy city. They had met at a pleasant boarding-house, where there was really a home element, which called forth the kindly feelings of its inmates in their intercourse. He had found her always bright, agreeable, ready of speech, full of resource—a companion much to be desired in the enforced intimacy of a transient abode. When she had found her level and taken hold, she sent for her mother, and went to her own house, and, gradually, they had drifted apart. He had heard of her late, more and more frequently, and had partly resolved to seek her out and renew their friendship. Struggles and success had separated them, but with her, as with him, he felt sure the memory of the old days was a pleasant one, and a return to them full of pleasant hopes. Now, she sent for him. The few lines of the note ran thus:

> May I ask you, Mr. Devine, to call on me at my house on Wednesday or Thursday evening of this week? I will not detain you long, and you will find, before you leave, that you have greatly obliged SELMA. D. BIRNEY.

Mr. Devine sat a moment balancing the note on his finger. Then he dashed off an answer, and sent it by the boy. On Wednesday evening—in June and perfect!—he was shown into the dimly-lighted, exquisitely appointed parlor of a house far removed from the tiny abode in which he had seen her last.

A strange sense of unreal yet familiar surroundings came over him. It was like a confused dream. The beauty, the luxury, the quiet elegance were hitherto unknown in any thought he ever had of her, yet, at once and forever, they became a part of her to him.

"It is ridiculous!" he exclaimed, standing before the mantel mirror in its carved and massive frame, and looking at himself with a puzzled air. "But I could swear I would have known the room for hers anywhere." He started. She had come noiselessly in, and he saw reflected, her pale face, and fine, clear, dark eyes over his shoulder. She was not smiling, but an expression of infinite, sweet still joy struck him as he turned to her.

"You are very good, Mr. Devine," she said, holding out her hand. "Remembering your habits of old, I scarcely expected you would be at liberty upon the instant. Had you really no engagement for this evening?"

He laughed, and flushed.

"The old days, Miss Birney, were long ago. I am not quite so eager in the pursuit—of pleasure, shall I say?"

"It were truer, perhaps, to call it by another name," she said, "since the sport was often very like the boys and the frogs, and the pleasure all on one side. Sit down, and tell me, to begin with, what became of the dark little beauty I left you raving about?"

"She——" Mark paused, looked doubtful, caught her eye, with its subtle gleam of mirth and answered, hurriedly, "She is married, I think. Yes, I am quite sure of it. But I have not heard of her for a year."

"Yet I thought that really, the 'love of your life.' Has it not found you yet? No!" as he shook his head in comical depression. "But I must spare you. How easily one falls into old habits, and takes up another's life where one laid it down! Tell me all about yourself before I enter upon the object of our meeting. Tell me everything, as you used."

She asked it easily enough, but he found it impossible to comply. The pale face and the dark eyes, the small white hand and its dull heavy ring of barbaric gold were the same he had studied in his hours of idle chatter and half-romance, half-confidence. But there was something more here than of old. The self-possession, the sense of power exerted and acknowledged, the graceful poise of the stately little figure, the perfect yet unique, taste of the simple, yet costly toilet, were new to the Selma Birney he had known and counted a "first rate friend." He was used to women, spoiled and petted by them as he had ever been, but to-night there was an unknown field before him, and he knew it. To pour out as he used all sorts of confidences, rhapsodies, confessions and excuses, was a thing impossible, indeed. There was in his hostess a hidden power that moved him to strange new desires and aspirations, that appealed at once to the higher nature he had almost ceased to think of as his; that awoke him to earnestness and self-respect in a way that thrilled him. In the conversation that followed he was at his best. Skillfully, steadily, she led him on from one topic to another, never directly touching upon his own life, but drawing out his opinions, flashing light into his thoughts, putting into words half-formed resolves rendering clearer and clearer fair, yet stern, aspects of duty against which he had often closed his eyes. And always, it was himself, not his companion, who, apparently prompted speech and ennobled thought. An exhilaration of mind, such as he had not known for years, pure and exalted, grew upon him, and was evident in his sparkling, fearless eye, his animated words, his full soft resonant voice. Miss Birney sank into the embrace of her bamboo chaise-lounge and watched him eagerly, breathlessly, despairingly, with glowing eyes and quivering lips. When he ceased there was silence. Miss Birney roused herself and sat upright.

"I promise not to detain you," she said, in a slow, clear voice, that he knew must be the result of an effort for self-control, and at which he wondered. "I must keep my word and proceed to explain my motives for requesting this interview. You do not know them, and you will, doubtless, find them a surprise and shock. I intend to be perfectly frank with you. Let me ask one favor of you. Do not speak to me until I have told you all. Promise me that!"

"I promise," said he, gravely and briefly, awed by her manner, her pallor, and the pathetic sadness of her eyes.

She bent her head a moment on her hand and he saw it trembled. Then she raised it suddenly, looked him full in the eyes, and said:

"In less than three months I shall be in my grave. Unless I am restored to health by a miracle; there is no hope of escape, no hope of reprieve. I have known it now three months and two weeks, and am used to the thought almost! I have made all arrangements as far as is possible. I am gathering up the loose ends and frayed-out purposes day by day, in the effort to leave my life-work perfected as far as it has gone. There is not much to regret in taking leave of all. Except for the happiness I never had, I cannot mourn."

She paused, as though choosing the words wherewith to proceed. Mindful of his promise he sat silent and horror-struck studying her face. Her eyes had fallen, and he saw a sudden faint, swift color flash into her pallor as she thought.

"The happiness I never had!" she repeated, softly. "Mine has been the saddest life possible for a nature such as mine. I have stood always at the gate of Paradise, dumb and chained, while others passed in before my eyes to waste the fruits for which I hungered and thirsted, to trample on the beauty that mocked for ever my longing eyes, to destroy wantonly the temple upon which I prayed night and day to be allowed to labor in its building up. I have been poor—vilely poor—so poor, I wanted the plainest necessaries of life, and yet my tastes and my desires could only have been satisfied by the most perfect, the most refined, the daintiest of art's productions. *That* was mortification of flesh and spirit. It was a long-drawn agony. And it is only ended when it is too late. I have been ill and in pain so many years, that I forget the very sensation of rest and ease: and all the time I have been sternly, unflinchingly, rigidly forbidden the quiet and the absence of toil that would have made my burden lighter. I have the fondest nature, the most passionately tender heart, and it has never known one thrill of happy love. Maddened, agonizing, defiant, I have reached the very verge of that world, respect for which, or, rather, the proud determination that *it* should respect *me*, would have kept me silent as long as I held any part or lot in it. There is nothing now to hold me back from asking for the one thing on earth precious to me beyond all words—I mean—your presence."

A silence, dumb as the stars of heaven, fell upon them. To neither of them, confused and palpitating with hope, fear, surprise, passion, was it a dark and hopeless moment. There was in its mysterious shadow faint glimmers and sparkles of life that meant—one knew not what. Mark bent forward, and laid his hand on hers firmly, tenderly, yet gently, in its strength. She lifted it to her cheek like a child.

"You always said you would like to hold my hand," she said, brokenly. "I know you liked me, and I thought—I thought you were so kind you would not mind doing such a little thing for me. I do not ask much, do I?"

"I will do anything I can for you—anything! I am truly grieved—I am more sorry for *this* than I can tell you."

"Thank you," she said, simply. "It will soon be over, and I do not care, if you will only come to me now and then—when no one else has a claim on you."

"I will come as often as you say. There is no one who can have a stronger claim. They are all newer friends than you are."

The happy nature, crushed, wearied, breaking down under the lot she had not depicted darkly enough, rose blithely to a gleam of sunshine. There was something inexpressibly arch in the flash of her eye as she repeated, in a tone of infinite expression:

"*All*! and still their name is legion?"

"Yes," he said, gravely; "and I thank God, Selma, no nearer, no more limited bond than a legion of light coquetries binds me now. I am free, dear and honored friend, to do your will."

"Oh, Mark!" she said, "and I thank God you meet me thus. Come to me, when you can; I have two months yet before the end begins. After that"—she paused and shuddered—"after that I will have done with all but the pains of death. You will never regret that you helped me to meet them by all the strength that only happy hours can give us."

The tiny clock on the mantel chimed the hour.

"I must not keep you longer," she said, "or you will count my promise as nothing. But I could not help it, and I trust you have not been very much bored."

"I have had a most strangely sad and happy evening," he answered, as he rose. "I do not know why, but I feel another man from the Mark Devine of two hours ago."

"Tell me one thing. Are you—are you sorry you came?"

"I am *not*," he replied, decisively, holding in his both her trembling hands, and looking down into her uplifted eyes until they sank beneath his gaze.

"Good-night," she said, "and come soon again."

"Good-night," he answered, "and I will be here—to-morrow?"

"If you care to come."

"Then it will be to-morrow."

And it was. Mark Devine went home in a whirl of emotions. What had happened to him? What change had come over her? Was it pity that moved him to such infinite tenderness for her? How dreadful the thought of death taking her out of his life! Two months and two weeks before those wonderful sweet eyes should be closed for ever! What a voice she had! He could hear it when he chose, dwelling with such pathos on those words: "The happiness I never had." Then the shuddering horror of that sentence, "It was a long-drawn agony"; the pitiful regret of, "And it is only ended when it is too late"; or, most sweet remembrance of all—the sinking and tremor of the passion—stirred defiance into, "The one thing on earth precious to me beyond all words—I mean—your presence." He started as he said it over to himself. Could it—*could it* mean all it was capable of expressing from her lips? Had she loved him all this time with a love sufficient to prompt this action on her part?

"As I live!" he exclaimed, it never struck me in that light when she spoke. What did I think? That she still *liked* me, as she used to say, better than any man she knew; that, in the fear and sadness of her past and her future, she thought of what she used to call my sunshiny nature, and found relief in it; that our old friendship had simply grown deeper and less frivolous as we learned to think higher thoughts. But, how much more she might mean by the same words. Her love would be a wonderful thing! There was a man who had it once, and I thought always he would never lose it. But if he has?"

Over and over he recalled their past, weighing each word and look and tone of the years gone by against the ever-moving memory of the hours just ended. It was wonderful how many things he could bring forth from the shadows to confront the light. Sometimes he thought he grasped a new meaning in sentences spoken, and forgotten by him at the time. Sometimes he recalled words and careless actions of hers that turned such fancies into irritations at his own folly. But make what he would of it, he could think of nothing else than Selma Birney until he presented himself before her at the earliest permissible hour of the next evening.

This time he watched the door eagerly, and saw her come floating down the long staircase and through the curtained arch all in white, and scarce less colorless. She met him with a timid air in spite of her cordial greeting, and during the whole visit was so far removed, in her pleasant grace and cheerfulness, from the agitated woman of the previous evening, that he could not recur to the thoughts he had nervously combatted all the day. She was certainly charming. Her conversational powers had always been fine, and study, practice, the desire to please those superior to herself in years and honors, had so improved them as to render her the rival of the much-vaunted "talkers" of history. There was about her, moreover, that witchery of personal attraction some women possess to the never-ending confusion and ruin of men, and others—a gifted and glorious exception, few in number—make use of to lead them on to the best of which they are capable. To be near her was pleasant in itself, Mark felt. He left her, pleased with himself and her; elated, he knew not why, and hoping, he knew not what.

It would be a needless task to track Mark Devine through the slow advance of the two months he counted, at last, hour by hour. Daily he grew in strength and tenderness, in nobleness of thought and pure ambition as the wonderful nature of this woman opened before him. In one of their earliest interviews she had begged that nothing might be said of the future. "I have said all I need to make you understand. Let me be something more than a charnel-house memory when all is over for us. There is another side to death, Mark! That will fit itself naturally to the best life we can live here." From that time no direct allusion to her approaching death was ever made, but in a thousand and one nameless ways he was aware that the thought of it was never absent from her mind, and that she constantly labored and planned with it in vain. Yet she seemed very, very happy. A quiet look of sweetness and voice and manner grew upon her, a charm that everyone felt lighted her eye and rested on her lip with each smile. And Mark Devine loved her with a very agony of love. It tore his gay, proud heart with storms of passionate sorrow when away from her, and sent him hungering and despairing to learn the joy of her dear presence anew, and add yet keener pangs to the consciousness of his approaching wreck.

The last day of the two months came and passed. The last day of the two weeks that were to have seen the end was over. The full three months had drifted into the abyss of time, and still Selma Birney lived. More than that, the color had come into her soft cheeks, and strength she had not known for years into her fair round limbs. Mark, trembling in hope, was shocked to find a shadow of another sort falling upon his path. Unmistakably she had changed towards him. Their close and happy intercourse was sadly marred by a reserve he strove in vain to surmount. At last, in a passion of hurt feelings, disappointed hopes and vague tortures, he burst out one evening:

"Selma, I can bear it no longer. I *must* speak in spite of your wish. What has happened? Now that I almost dare to hope, now that you have been spared to me even a little longer, oh, my darling, what has turned our—friendship into pain to you?"

She did not speak, but he saw her knit her fingers in a close clasp, and he felt her tremble as he leaned upon her chair.

"Listen to me, then, since you will not speak out!" he cried, almost angrily. "In these months I have come to love you as never a man loved woman—yes! I am sure of it, for never did man learn the sweetest of lessons with such a fate impending and unavoidable. I have not dared to tell you lest I disturb your so much-needed calmness, but I cannot, I cannot bear it in silence. Unless you hate me it *cannot* pain you to know I love you. And, oh, Selma, you do not, you surely do not hate me—you must love me a little?"

Then she rose up quickly, and turned towards him flushing, paling, trembling in tears and laughter, and crying, softly:

"Oh, Mark, Mark, why did you not tell me sooner? How could you help it? How *could* you keep it? For I love you—I love you with my whole heart, and—and I am not to die, after all."

There is a goodly number of people in this world who will conjecture at once what was done upon such an avowal. There is no one out of heaven, perhaps, who can realize what was *felt*. When Mark Devine folded her to his passionate, so long-tortured heart, when he looked into her sweet face, with no keen arrow of rankling fear tearing the depths of his love, there were no words to tell his happiness. For her, she gave one long sigh of perfect content and rested.

"You do not ask me what has taken away my certainty of death," she said, looking at him with the fondest eyes he ever imagined."

"Love, it is *gone*. I care for nothing besides," he answered, stooping to kiss the soft white lids. "You are mine, and I am content."

"Yes, that is like you. But, for my own sake, if not now, then in the future, I wish you to go to Doctor Henson, and he will tell you the truth."

"Very well, I will go. To-night, let me think only of the future."

Doctor Henson listened to his request next day with a grim smile. He was a stern old man, whose *fiat* no one ever disputed, and he at once admitted he had told Miss Birney six months before that, according to the judgment of man, her days were numbered.

"Miss Birney, sir, has been my patient for years. Hers is a peculiar organization, highly susceptible and nervous in the extreme. For some time she has been bearing a burden of some description entirely too heavy for her powers. Latent disease of the nerves—nothing else—came to the surface, and I could see her dying by inches, with no power to save her. I probed the wound in vain. One day she came to me, and asked me in all seriousness and earnestness to tell her the exact truth with regard to herself. She assured me, in her own inimitable manner, that her happiness for time and eternity depended upon it. Sir, I told the truth, talked plainly to her, and expressed my firm conviction that nothing short of a miracle could save her. That miracle you have wrought. What the difficulty was between you, you know and I do not—don't want to know. Returning happiness, with a nature such as hers, means health and life. I see now no reason to apprehend an earlier death than the average. She will always be a frail casket of a strong soul. Take care of her, sir. She is worth it. Good-morning."

Mark bowed himself out and went to Selma. His questions were answered now. She *had* loved him "all this time." With tenderness inexpressible, with gratitude, and what evidences of his own love he told her all he knew, and thanked God for it, and for her courage in sending for him.

"Mark, I could not help it! And everything else seemed so worthless, so beneath my notice! I could not die without one sight of your dear face at least. But when I came into the room that night, I had not made up my mind to ask you. I feared to do it, and I had another trifling reason ready to cover my request. It was only when you came out in your true colors, dearest and best of men, that I felt I would rather risk and lose all than let you pass away from me when I *might* hold you. When I found I was to live, I suffered! That made me seem cold. I did not know you felt more than pity for me, and I dreaded your thinking—oh, I don't know what—some sort of manœuvring; and that I am incapable of, I am sure."

"It was the desperation of a forlorn hope, my darling, and it met with its reward. Purity, truth, sincerity such as yours, could not but win when the outer barriers of conventionalities were surmounted. But for your courage I would never have known the depths of my own heart, or the priceless sweetness of yours. If women risked more fearlessly they would gain more, and men would have cause to bless them as I do you."

He was wrong. Let no woman try Selma Birney's plan who has not her magic power. There must be purity unshadowed, truth unvailed, sincerity unflinching, added to grace of mind, strength of passion, and the higher arts of a cultivated manner, and perfect toilets, to carry one successfully through such an ordeal. But any woman may labor to acquire these things, which are the basis of conquest, and in proportion as she labors will she find her full and sweet reward.

A Remarkable Operation.

One of the most remarkable operations which have come under my notice, said a New York doctor, was performed last year by a physician living somewhere in the backwoods of North Carolina. The patient was a colored boy about eight years of age, who was dying of hunger on account of a cicatrized stricture of the œsophagus, the result of drinking by mistake a large quantity of a solution of commercial concentrated lye. This had closed the œsophagus so completely that he was unable to swallow any thing, and had he been kept alive for several months by enemata and by rubbing the skin with cod-liver oil. The physician introduced a hard rubber tube into the stomach, the outer end of which he closed with an ordinary cork. The boy recovered slowly, but never had any peritonitis, ordinarily the cause of death after this operation; but he came very near dying from an over quantity of grated ham and biscuit, three weeks after the operation. In feeding, the 'œsophagus' is simply removed to the outside of his person, for it is rubber instead of being muscular tissue. The boy, after thoroughly masticating his food, simply spits it through the tube into the stomach in a semi-fluid state. In this manner his life has been saved, and he is now independent of the 'œsophagus.'"

Eating in the West Indies.

Strange as it may seem at first sight, everybody in the West Indies eats very large meals. The climate is so hot that you must take food freely to make up for losses, and the appetite has to be stimulated by a great variety of dishes, as well as by the copious use of those very insidious capsicums, and the still more delicious little red and yellow bird-peppers. A few of these tempting fruits are placed in the salt-cellars at every meal, and with the bright tropical flowers which invariably garnish the table in pretty specimen vases, they give a general air of pleasant æsthetic refinement to the whole arrangements. Breakfast is a really solid and substantial repast, usually put off till half-past ten or eleven o'clock, the pangs of pressing hunger being stilled before the early morning canter by a cup of coffee in the bedroom. With it sometimes comes a cassava-cake, one of the best Jamaican institutions, made by the negro villagers from the roughly-scraped meal of the arrow-root plant. This meal is rolled into a thin paste, and then baked hard and dry into round cakes about the thickness of a Scotch oat-meal bannock, but much more delicate in taste.—*Belgravia.*

Law professor: "What constitutes burglary?" Student: "There must be a breaking." Professor: "Then, if a man enters your door and takes five dollars from your vest pocket in the hall, would that be burglary?" Student: "Yes, sir, because that would break me."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Japanese stage is made to revolve. While one scene is before the public another is in process of arrangement.

The *Physiologist* says that United States Senator Matthew Carpenter was a slave to tobacco and died from its effects.

Denmark has for many years supplied canned butter to South America. The same industry is to be commenced in this country.

Considerate father—"You should eat Graham bread, my son; it makes bone." Responsive youth, "H'm, I'm 'bout all bones now."

It has been decided by the United States Court of Wyoming that it is lawful for a heathen Chinee to marry a white girl.

Mrs. Charlotte A. Goddard, a lady of great wealth and liberality, died at Providence, R. I., aged eighty-eight years. She was the daughter of Thos. P. Ives, Esq., and the widow of Prof. Wm. G. Goddard.

The wool clip of the world has increased five times since 1830, when it was about 320,000,000 pounds in weight. In 1878 (the latest year for which there are complete figures) the total was 1,586,000,000 pounds.

There are some scenes almost too pure and sacred to be viewed by the thoughtless world. One of them is a 200-pound woman with a mole on her chin "talking baby" to an ounce and half canary bird in a brass cage.

In Leicester, England, many persons are being daily summoned to the police court for refusing to comply with the compulsory vaccination acts. A fine of ten shillings or seven days imprisonment is the penalty, and over 2,000 cases remain to be tried.

Utilization of Worn Out Horses.

The utilization of horses not fit to eat and too old to be of working service, in France, is said to be as follows:

It is first shorn of its hair, which serves to stuff cushions and saddles; then it is slaughtered and skinned; the hoofs serve to make combs. Next the carcass is placed in a cylinder and cooked by steam at a pressure of three atmospheres; a cock is opened, which allows the steam to be run off; then the remains are cut up, the leg bones are sold to make knife handles, etc., and the coarser, the ribs, the head, etc., are converted into animal black. The first are calcined in cylinders, and the vapors when condensed form the chief source of carbonate of ammonia, which constitutes the base of nearly all ammoniacal salts. There is an animal oil yielded which makes a capital insecticide and a vermifuge. To make glue the bones are dissolved in muriatic acid, which takes away the phosphate of lime; the soft residue retaining the shape of the bone is dissolved in boiling water, cast into squares, and dried on nets. The phosphate of lime, acted upon by sulphuric acid and calcined with carbon, produces phosphorus for lucifer matches. The remaining flesh is distilled to obtain the carbonate of ammonia; the resulting mass is pounded up with potash, then mixed with old nails and iron of every description; the whole is calcined and yields magnificent yellow crystals—prussiate of potash, with which tissues are dyed a Prussian blue, and iron transferred into steel; it also forms the basis of cyanide of potassium and prussic acid, the two most terrible poisons known in chemistry.

Queer Bedroom Companions.

People in the tropics are supposed to get accustomed to centipedes and snakes and the like for bed-fellows, and by-and-by think little about them; but most of us would prefer to take our night's rest in the temperate zones. A recent writer gives us an idea of the experience one may have when trying to get his natural sleep in variously populated India:

What would some of your readers think, while lying quietly in bed beneath the inevitable mosquito net, if they were to see gazing intently from the ceiling right above a long, green lizard and a centipede, challenging each other to mortal combat; the centipede loses his hold, drops down on the net, and whips under the beds; you involuntarily shut your moth quickly and turn over on your face, wondering whether or not he went down your throat or under the bed; you next closely scrutinize the horizon line of the mattress, and not being gifted with power to see but one spot at a time, you pivot around on your knees with a pillow upraised ready to smash him the moment you see his eye peering over the edge—but he comes not.

Your attention is next called to a half-hundred large black bugs, which are indulging in a game of lawn tennis on the floor, when in steps a bandicoot, a rat as big as a "yeller dog," and devours this whilom garden party.

A Long-Lived Family.

The Hon. Henry Bohl, of Marion, Ohio, in making application for insurance upon his life, said his parental grandfather died at the age of 115 years, his parental grandmother at the age of 110, his maternal grandfather at the age of 105, and his maternal grandmother at 100. His father died at the age of ninety, and his mother at the age of eighty-five. He has four brothers and three sisters, ranging in age from forty-five to fifty-seven, and all living at this time.

The People's Advocate

ESTABLISHED 1876.

J. W. CROMWELL, - - Proprietor.
REV. S. P. SMITH, Associate Editor.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
609 I.A. AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, if paid in advance,.....	$1.50
One copy one year if paid after three months	$1.65
One copy, one year, if paid after six months.	$1.75
One copy, one year paid at end of year.....	$2.00
One copy six months.....	$1.00
One copy three months.....	.50

Entered at the Washington Post Office as second class matter.

Please send by postal order or registered letter.

Address, THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, BOX 263, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1881.

Subscribers finding this paragraph marked will understand that their subscriptions have expired, and unless they promptly renew the paper will be discontinued to their address.

Alexandria R. Shepherd has done a work for the District of Columbia that can never be too highly estimated, but it is asking too much that one of our colored public school buildings be named for him. Garrison is very much better; better still would it be if named after one of our *own* veteran educators. Now let Mr. Brooks withdraw his amendment and Mr. Wilkinson his substitute and name this building for BENJAMIN M. MCCOY, a man who next to John F. Cook, sr, should ever be held in grateful memory by this and coming generations.

It sounds very queer, but it is nevertheless true that Hon. E. E. Barksdale a very prominent Democrat in the State of Mississippi stoutly avers a very weak candidate for governor, because in the paper which he edits, he spoke of the appointment of Hon. B. K. Bruce as an unfit one to be made, a declaration which the Vicksburg *Herald* says would injure him in the "black counties." The Negro it seems, is not *out* of politics; but in as deeply as ever, though in a different way.

Mahone's readjuster ticket in Virginia is thought to be as strong a one as the Mongrels could get up, but the Democracy will sweep the State by several thousand. The best judges say so.—*Huntsville* (Ala.) *Herald.*

The wish for the above is the father to the thought. If Mahone is defeated it will not because of the defection of such as yourself, for they are as scarce as hen teeth in these parts.

Possibly it may never have occurred to many of our readers that political honors come so slowly to our race because we have numbers and numbers only to back our claims. That is to say, that our part of the wealth and the knowledge that can enforce their claims is very small indeed. So long as our colossal intellects, and our rich men are third and fourth rate, when compared with others, we must not be surprised however indignant we may be, when they obtain only third and fourth rate places. It may be a very slow process, but all real progress is slow. We may not "On Pisgah's top view the landscape o'er," but we "can act so that each to morrow finds us farther than to day." We have grown amazingly as a political factor since the war; we have improved our educational facilities as nothing in the previous history of mankind. Let us develope our material resources, and we will find them assisting and strengthening our political powers as we never dreamed.

The first currency ever issued by the United States Government having the signature of a colored man (B. K. Bruce) thereon was received from the Bureau of Engraving anp Printing at the Comptroller of the Currency's office yesterday about ten o'clock a. m. Soon thereafter Major J. F. Bates, the venerable New Englander, who has charge of the shipping of currency to the two thousand and more of national banks of the country, caused four fives, in one sheet, to be taken, and then shown to the Register, B. K. Bruce. On holding up the sheet for the inspection of those in his office at the time the Register feelingly remarked: "Who would have thought of this spectacle a score of years ago! This is an incident of interest worthy of a place upon the bright pages of the history of a public man's life."—Wednesday's *Republican.*

The Freedman's Bank.

Comptroller Knox, since his appointment as commissioner of the Freedman's Saving and Trust Company, March 7, has sold real estate for cash amounting to $40,733.25, and the total receipts from all sources have been $59,464.20. Of this amount $31,050 is invested in three and a half per cent. bonds. The total amount of unclaimed dividends is $124,715.87, and the average amount due to each depositor is $9.40. Of these dividends $6,582.14 has been disbursed to 255 claimants since the Comptroller took charge. Claims for dividends will be barred after August 21, 1881. The real estate owned in other cities and other assets is estimated at $60,000, and the bank building, opposite the Treasury, is estimated at $250,000. When this property can be disposed of a final dividen of about twenty per cent. will be paid. This will make a return of about sixty per cent. in all to the depositors, and wind up the affairs of the company.

A PLEA FOR LIFE.

BY MISS JULIA W. MASON.

Read at the Miner Normal School commencement Wednesday evening, June 8, 1881.

Through the long centuries, in all countries and from every nation, has gone up at some time or other, "A Plea For Life; and reverberating still through this progressive age the piteous but strong cry is to be heard. From Nations pleading for a life for freedom to act, for a free government, for all a nation's rights and privileges; from political reformers who feel and know that a course now pursued is not the best for the commonwealth, and will not secure to all an equal chance before the laws; from the religious reformers who ask that they may be allowed to express their own religious views and instil in the minds of others what seems to them the best and most acceptable way to serve their Maker. The scientist takes up the cry, he wishes and asks to be allowed a chance to make known and intelligible to others the truth that he has sought and found in the realms of nature. It is the cry from individuals that they may have and enjoy the advantages that God has ordained that man should have; all they want is this life, without *it* progress is impossible. The appeal of the present age has in its tone the same sound as that heard centuries ago. Tracing no farther back than to the history of Puritans, we read in the cry then heard a plea for religious life; a cry that went up about the close of the sixteenth century when a number of poor dissenters scattered through the north of England, especially in the counties of Lincoln and York, joined themselves together for the purpose of free religious worship. Politically they were patriotic subjects of the English king; religiously they were rebels against the English Church. Their rebellion only extended to the declaration that every man has a right to discover and apply the truth as revealed to him in the Scriptures without the interposition of any power other than reason and conscience. Violent persecutions occurring from time to time caused them to despair of life in their own country; they, therefore, sought in another land freedom. Privation and exile could be endured when sweetened with liberty, and in being free they had a brighter and surer prospect of living. Thus New England began to be, through the hardships and toils of a noble people whose cry for years had been, *let us live.*

The cry of the Revolution was for life unburdened by heavy taxes. How the cry went up from Bunker Hill! Hear it from the struggling, suffering troops at Valley Forge! It comes again on that dark Christmas night when the illustrious and patriotic Washington with his men crossed the Delaware amid floating ice and rushing water. A plea for life from all these noble souls was made with one assent. Their common watchword was Liberty or Death, and to *them*, Liberty was Life. The echoes of the cry heard when the life of the Union was despaired of, still are heard in the land; hearts still ache, tears yet flow for those whose lives were sacrificed to save the Nation's life. Alas! how many hearts ache today, how many tears fall because the *whole* life of that Nation was not saved. As a blot upon a page mars the beauty of the whole page, as a disease of one part of the body may spread itself over the entire body, even so when the life of one part of a nation is in danger that danger may spread and spread and imperil again the life of the *whole* nation:

"For all are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

Our hearing is very acute when called into action to listen to the sound of the Indian war-whoop; our perceptions how keen to discern, how ready to hear the whizzing arrow directed toward the white man; but we are apparently deaf to the lamentations of the poor tribes driven from their wigwams and familiar hunting grounds to make room for that white man. Hampton and Carlisle are doing much to train Indian boys and girls in the ways of civilized people—teaching them trades and domestic habits, educating the hand as well as the mind. Would it not be well to have Hamptons and Carlisles where some of these civilized people might be sent and the principles of right and justice be instilled? Then the cry of pain from the Indian's savagery could not be answered by a cry of pain from the white man's treachery.

The ears of the world are filled with the pleas from Russia and Ireland. The Nihilists demand a constitution and representatian, and something else than government by a junto. These just wishes may be tainted by many wild and social doctrines, and some of their acts may be denounced as wicked, heinous and inhuman; but let me quote a declaration from one of the Nihilistic papers:—

"Surely the liberty we crave is not exorbitant; we only desire the right to free expression of our thoughts, the right to act independently and in accordance with our convictions; to have a voice in the State affairs, and to know that our persons are protected against official whims. These surely are the elementary rights of mankind, rights to which we are entitled because of our being human, and for whose vindication we call our brother's aid."

These declarations do not read like the words of unreasoning and unreasonable fanatics, and while we may deeply regret their methods we can not do less than sympathize in their great object and admire their courage and self-devotion. Do the land owners of Ireland read aright the significance of the Land Leagues forming not only in their own country, but spreading with the wide-spreading emigration of the Irish throughout this country? What a lesson they have to learn!

"Princes and lords may flourish and may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

To be continued.

UNWISE TALKERS.

BY "JOYCE."

Make speech the servant of reason, the handmaid of virtue. The glorious sun shines in the heavens; but did not the earth turn towards it, some places would never see the day. God distinguished man from beast by giving him mind; but let him make no efforts for its improvement, and he remains uncouth, unlearned, and uncultured. Rocks lie broken and pointed and jagged on the mountain side, but, moving down with the great glacier, their sharp angles are rounded into graceful forms. In spiritual action man gains the beauty of character that lethargy can not bestow. But to do wrong is more natural than to do right; to say bad things is easier than to say good.

"The gates of hell are open night and day,
Smooth the descent and easy is the way.
But to return and view the cheerful skies
In this the task and mighty labor lies."

Many of the greatest calamities originate in thoughtlessness. In a meditative mood, King Henry the First would not have uttered the words that caused the murder of Thomas A. Becket; through want of consideration. The colonist adopted the hurtful method in their treatment of the Indians; Prince William of England carelessly left his sister in the sinking ship, and lost his life in trying to remedy the neglect. A mental vacuum allows the interpersion in daily talk of loose and careless gossip. A breezy body (who honors not the precept, "Mind your own business") attempts to entertain you for an hour with minute details of the affairs of his neighbors. If you are simple and unsophisticated, you gaze into the narrator's face and wonder at the malignity that prompts him to lay bare to the world the private interests of these lives. There may be in that countenance no trace of evil passions, nothing to repel a physiognomist but, perhaps, the idiotic smile that clings habitually to some who are good natured and stupid. He scorns to do low things, he certainly does not lie, for he exercises but a speaker's privilege when he exaggerates facts to give coloring and intensity to a story. Such persons, like broken pitchers, retain nothing poured into them. They seek your confidence one day, and the next your sentences are blurted in the market place. Still, were all actions good which proceed from no wrong intention, we would judge their characters very gently, for they mean nothing bad, they mean nothing good—in fact they mean nothing at all.

Milton describes a fallen angel who attempted to drag others down with him. To-day the fallen creatures of the world manifest this tendency in fabricating accusations and insinuating falsehoods. This is the unsatisfactory method they adopt to console conscience and to extenuate general disapprobation, believing that the less honor the world holds, the less censure degradation receives. Sometimes they whisper what they dare not openly affirm, again their meanings are expressed in sly hints and doubtful shakings of the head. Innocent acts are willingly misconstrued, simple speech is given a suspicious significance. You are informed of indiscriminate misdeeds, you are harassed with comments virtuously indignant, but, woe to you, if you utter a word against the absent. Brother B. is informed of your improper defamation, and you have gained an enemy.

It is often the weak who deem themselves strongest. A certain class of "unwise talkers" seize each opportunity to torture an incidental audience with demonstrations of personal wisdom and affirmations of the world's gross ignorance. Some critics pursue a work merely to detect its mistakes, some men pass through life with eyes closed to its good, but with gaze eagerly devouring its follies and mistakes. They contract the brow and curl the lip and drop cutting sarcasms, on every possible occasion, and very often, as Cicero says, 'They condemn what they do not understand." No sermon satisfies them: the minister is either dull or conceited, when others praise, they feel called upon to dissent, and meantime they congratulate themselves on their superior intelligence. They hold themselves aloof, and, like pharisee, they 'thank God they are what they are while, in their innermost heart, gratitude ascends but to the shrine of Self. They imagine that repetitions of another's wrong-doings throw their own excellence in stronger relief. They view mankind's faults through the small end of a telescope and the virtue through the large; thus magnifying the defects of performance, and diminishing their view of that which is commendable.

Though these various folks tattle with different motives, their communications bear striking resemblances. One whose mind is more depraved than the heart, tells truth, but truth so spiced and and salted and peppered, as to lose its original flavor. Another who is spiritually degenerated, magnifies error and fashions falsehood. Another who lacks both kindliness and common sense, seeks the evil and ignores the good. They all gratify an idle curiosity, demoralize the tone of society, and dry the springs of human sympathy and forbearance. They invade the sanctity of homes, destroy long established friendship, and discourage with disparaging words many a one whom

"To blame is easier those who him offended
Than reach the faintest glory round him shed."

Individuals possess concerns, not "secret" but personal, with which the multitude has no right to meddle. Intercourse loses charm when everything is revealed, except between most intimate friends. How much more is mutual esteem endangered where confidence is not bestowed, but where knowledge *is* obtained by curious inspection or wrenched from one by impertinent questions! If you hear rumors discreditable of an acquaintance, why repeat them? They may be untrue, and you do injustice to a brother. If they be true, does your reiteration remedy the wrong? You are not to be blamed because you see faults in mankind, but you are to blamed if you see not also the virtues, we need "Mutual Admiration Societies" in our communities.

"Avoid the appearance of evil," but be willing rather to appear wrong than to miss opportunities of doing good. Be not controlled by foolish dread of what "people will say" about you. "Do right, and fear not" One principle is worth a dozen rules, for rules are but the outgrowth of principle. Therefore, follow blind by no conventionalisms. In all question of duty

"Think for thyself—one good idea,
"But know to be thine own,
Is better than a thousand gleaned
From fields by others sown."

And in your relations to your fellow man, remember these lines which hold the maxim of the golden rule:

"Be to his faults a little blind,
Be to his virtues very kind."

"JOYCE" to "QUIZ."

"Quiz," I confess that I am naturally jealous. That you should get your name twice in public print to my once, I really cannot allow. If, however, you should see fit to again address me, unless you introduce some new subject for discussion I shall be so generous as to retire from the field and leave you the glory of making the last speech. I do think that the question of Joyce's proficiency in duties "and dinners and darns" is about exhausted.

So you think one is necessarily "obscure" because he writes under a *none de plume.*

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

The majority of my readers know me as well under the name "Joyce" as they would were I to substitute — —, never mind, I conclude I'll not give it, since it would mean nothing in particular to people outside of my own city and might detract from any fame Joyce may have gained at home. "A prophet is not withott honor save in his own country."

You are pleased to style some advice I have given "splendid." I feel it my duty to give you a little pill, though I know not how it may be received. When you see something necessary to be done and you have the ability to do it, don't hold back and wait for somebody else to go forward. Suppose that I had been without due knowledge ofhouse work, as you thought me; I might have married during your long delay. I might have doomed some poor mortal to badly cooked dinners, and pierced somebody's heart through neglected shirts, and rendered some house hold liable to manifold other ill Ah! Quiz, when you thought of that unhappy home would not your conscience have reproached you for failing to give the warning you might have given?

I agree that "There is but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience"—that experience is, however, not always our own, but the lamp of some one else's experience that sheds its gleams along our pathway. A scanty amount of knowledge would we possess were nothing learned by observation.

I have no unfriendly sentiments towards Quiz. I did not begin the controversy. I have merely endeavored to answer courteously the questions asked me. As you propose, "Let us kiss and be friends;" but I fear kissing through the press is a sensation no more pleasurable than kissing through a veil. You need not say that I must know that from experience, for I don't.

BALTIMORE NOTES.

The Sunday School anniversary of Orchard Street was held last Sabbath and a glad day it was indeed. Nearly five hundred children mingled their voices in the beautiful songs and anthems which were chanted. The decorations were such as beggars description. It seems that the earnest efforts of Mr. Taylor the superintendent to train and equipped the pupils for the occasion had met with grand success. Mr. Lewis Pratt who presided at the handsome organ was never better in his life in rendering the music to the accompanying songs. There was a large profusion of flowers and potted plants wreaths and evergreens. Over the pulpit was in wreathen letters "Welcome to all" and a large cross of flowers found its bed fixed ingeniously in the wall. The Sunday School banners with mottoes ran along the entire gallery underlined by evergreens and wreaths. Two large baskets of flowers hung from the ceiling strewing sweet fragrance all around and reminding one of the hanging gardens around Babylon. No place or spot was left unflowered or unwreathed. In the alter's chancel stood a table of flowers of every description. Potted plants bloomed on the floor around the alter and Mr. Taylor the superintendent looked and directed the exercises in the midst of all shades of plants and flowers. Upon the choir reaching nearly three feet high was an oleander with flowers on every branch.

The exercises were very interesting and were listened to by a large and appreciative audience. The address of Miss Susie Dobson was really worthy of comment. Her clear and musical utterances held the audience spell bound and all said it was the master effort of her life. Miss Lena Whittington, Mr. Daniel Offord also made addresses and several of the children nicely acquitted themselves in the recitation of scripture. There were several prominent white ladies present among them being Mrs. Summerfield Baldwin and Mrs. Thomas well known as temperance advocates. They made excellent and instructive addresses and were highly pleased with what they had seen, ears heard, and hearts felt. The school numbers five hundred pupils and under the present corps of officers and teachers have made huge progress. Mr. Taylor is superintendent and Nathan Ross assistant. Mr. Lewis Pratt is always finding something new in the way of music as a treat for the school and at the present stage, it is second to none in our city. The future of the school is assured and I take pleasure in noting such to our Washington friends.

GOLIAH.

MISS LEWIS' CASE.

The committee on teachers submitted a report, which was unanimously adopted, on the charges against Miss Carrie E. Lewis, a teacher in the seventh division, in which they recommended, as already published in the *National Republican*, that she be admonished as to her conduct, the order of suspension be revoked, and that she be permitted to resume her duties in her school till the close of the present year. The report was signed by Messrs. Lovejoy, Brown, Lloyd, Curtis, and Middleton, and was to the effect that they were of the opinion that the unanimous action of the sub board of the seventh division was based upon evidence presented to them from trust-worthy sources, and that such action was inspired by public and disinterested motives. They regret to report that the defense in this inquiry assumed in part an attack on a member of the sub-board, to a charge of being influenced by improper motives, and they feel that it is due to him to state that the investigation developed no ground for such a charge; on the contrary, the evidence satisfied the committee that Mr. Brooks was influenced throughout by a high sense of official duty. From the evidence adduced after a thorough investigation into the subject prior to, contemporaneous with, and subsequent to the date of Miss Lewis' resignation, the committee on teachers report that they find that the conduct of Miss Lewis was deserving of admonition and warning at the hands of the sub-board. They do not think that the evidence justifies her further suspension, and recommend that the same be removed, and that her request to withdraw her resignation be granted, and that her services be continued for remainder of this school year.—*Repub*

K. of W. M.

The Knights of Wise Men, we are glad to know, are making very commendable progress and including in their numbers some of the very best men in our race in the places visited. For those who may not know we would state that the Knights of Wise Men is a secret organization with an endowment of two thousand dollars to be paid at death to the beneficiary of any third degree member. It was established in 1877 at Nashville Tennessee. At present it has about one hundred and seventy lodges with a membership of about three thousand five hundred of the third degree. It began with paying a benefit of two hundred and thirteen dollars, but it now pays the full amount of two thousand dollars showing wonderful progress in a remarkably short space of time.

There is established in this city a lodge of which Dr. S. L. Cook who lives at the corner of 16th and K streets n. w. is Secretary and medical examiner and from whom further information can be obtained.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Prudence Crandall Phillis, the Quaker woman who in her girlhood shook the town of Canterbury, Conn., to its foundation by undertaking to teach some colored children, is still living in Kansas. She is now a widow of nearly seventy eight years, well preserved and happy in a placid life upon a farm owned by herself.

The address of J. W. Cromwell on the Negro in Journalism, delivered last year before the Progressive Working Men's club in Philadelphia, is shortly to be printed in pamphlet form.

Mr. J. H. S. Parker, a graduate of the Law Department Howard University leaves for the North on a mission for the Department. He goes as far aa Boston bearing letters of the highest commendation to eminent gentlemen.

The address of Mr. William E. Mathews has been published in the American Review, a deservedly high honor, which all who know properly appreciate.

The following are the names of the committee from North Carolina which called on the President and the Heads of the Departments Wednesday: G. W. Price, jr., who delivered the address of welcome to the president; Rev. J. C. Price, president of the late convention, spokesman, J. C. Dancy, J. E. O'Hara, J. B. Abbott, of "The Lodge" M. F. Thornton, Joseph Sampson. Hugh Cale, H. H. Martin, John S. Leary, G. L. Wassom of "The Goldsboro Star," E. E. Smith, of "The Goldsboro Enterprise," A. Hicks, jr., John Brown, J. H. Lane, E. R. Dudley, S. A. Blount, J. H. Williamson, of "The Raleigh Banner" and S. J. Turner.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1881.

AGENTS.

Baltimore..... D. D. Dickson.
Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... G. B. Anderson.
" ..... G. W. Renfro.
C. A. Lemar, Collector for Washington.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
Lawrence,..... Rev. W. H. Scott.

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—Societies and churches wishing local notices of their entertainments and other special exercises, in order to ensure the same should send complimentary tickets.

LOCAL.

☞We insert a three line local advertisement for entertainments, at which an admission fee is charged, for twenty-five cents tf.

—Rev. J. C. Price was the guest of W. G. Fearing, and E. E. Smith, Esq., of the Goldsboro, N. C. *Enterprise*.

—Subscription lists for stock to The Progressive Cooperative Association are now in the hands of the following ladies and gentlemen: MissesM. J. Patterson, Mary Nalle, M. B. Briggs, R. Coakley and A. Howard. Messrs. L. H. Douglass, Jas. Derrum, G. W. Renfro, J. F. Johnson, G. H. Buchanan, J. F. N. Wilkinson, Henry Miner and J. W. Cromwell Shares are $5 each, $1 payable July 1, and the balance in five instalments.

—Another sign of enterprise is seen in the establishment of Miss Sarah J. Fleetwood, 1631 14th st. n. w. She has opened a trimming store, keeps on hand articles of wear, and executes orders for sewing. Here's a hand extended and when we come in possession of a purse, well—just wait and see.

—One of the arrangements to be entered into by the Cooperative Association is one by which share holders can get coal at uniform rates much lower than the market rate, by paying a small deposit on or before a stated time, the balance on delivery. By this way families using from five to ten tons may save on that alone the cost of a share of stock.

—The new church movement is booming. Seventy-seven at Sabbath School Sunday. A crowded house at the servides in the after noon. A collection of $15, 127 members, $1700 pledged for the first year's support. This looks very much like work.

—The city was filled Tuesday and Wednesday with more than five hundred excursionists from North Carolina. The tar in the asphalt pavements oozed out from beneath its stony-bed so strong was the chemical affinity for these visitors.

—A man is so much more the fool if having many and varied accomplishments he persists in putting himself on the level with a street drunkard. Mr. De Wilter or De Witter Dumas may be as brilliant as Jacob De Witter was, but if he will get hauled up before Judge Snell for drunkenness in the street, the career of the former here will come as abruptly to a close as that of the latter—probably they are one and the same person.

—The Presentation concert given by Mr. Bergen for the 5th. Baptist church Thursday evening June 9th. was quite a success. Mr. Samuel Hill sold one hundred tickets and took the first prize twenty five dollars in gold. Mrs. Mary V. Clark sold fifty seven tickets and secured the second prize fifteen dollars in gold. The total proceeds from subscriptions and sale of tickets was $461.56 and when all the returns are in it is expected that this amount will be materially increased.

—The annual pic-nic of the 15th. Street Presbyterian church Sunday School will take place at Tivoli Park on Thursday June 23rd, and every effort is being made to make it an excellent affair. The object of giving the pic-nic earlier than usual is to afford an opportunity for a pleasant gathering of the teachers and scholars of the public schools before they leave the city, many of whom are connected with this Sunday School. Those who wish to spend an enjoyable day should not fail to be present.

—W. E. H. Chase, who has worked in the ADVOCATE office for nearly one year and given general satisfaction, leaves this week for Boston, Mass., where proposes to remain during the summer. When he returns he will have any amount of culchah.

TREAT PROMPTLY—Cramps, Diarrhœa, Asiatic Cholera, and all Bowel Affections, with Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, and you will obtain speedy relief, and promote a certain cure.

—The first instalment on amounts subscribed to the building fund of the new church will be payable the first Sunday in July at their place of worship Salem Baptist church.

—The Second Quarterly review of the Bethlehem Baptist Sunday School of Hillsdale will take place on Sunday June 19th. Messrs. J. D. Baltimore A. K. Manning and others will address the meeting at at 3 o'clock P. M. Zion Baptist Wesley Zion and other Sunday Schools have consented to be present. C. W. Davis, Supt.

—The Baptist Sunday School Union held their June meeting with the Bladensburg school last Sunday, which was a success in every respect. A very large gathering of all ages and sizes were present from Washington, Bennings and the surrounding country. A mission school from Bennings, came up in full force in wagons also another neighboring school, the name we did not get. They have some very able and earnest Sunday School workers out there, among others Mr. Bumbry, the Superintendent, and Mr. Hall, who seem to be the right men in the right place; the latter being a public school teacher. Short addresses were made by Hall, Hunter, Howard, White, Grayson, Manning and others. The speeches were earnest, well-timed and effective. A handsome contribution was made to the school, and arrangements made for celebrating the Fourth of July by the Union at the Germania Scheutzen Park (Gales' Woods;) and the committee instructed to select speakers and to carry out the arrangements. All the schools connected with the Union, are expected to be present. Children to be admitted to all the privileges of the grounds for five cents each.

St. Luke's P. E. Church.

—The choir of this church, reorganized under the direction of Mrs. McKenney, is fast winning a place in popular favor. It may reasonably be hoped to attract considerable attention from lovers of music of every denomination when they commence their afternoon services July 3rd. to continue during the warm weather. On next Sunday they will produce the "Magnicat" that beautiful piece of music which caused such a stir in the congregation when it was known that the Rector had prevented it. Mr. R. W. Tompkins the pleasing tenor is now a member of the choir, with Mr. Cole as the bass. The rest of the choir is made up by Mrs. Daniel Murray and Messrs. McKenny and Parrott. To add to the attraction next Sunday Dr. Crummell will speak on the New Testament revision. It is expected that there will be quite a large congregation. The fame of Dr. Crummell as a biblical scholar is widely known and will serve to draw a large attendance.

Case of Miss Carrie E. Lewis.

(Communicated.)

A somewhat erroneous opinion has gain currency against Mr. William H. Smith and his connection with above named case. Now that the matter is ended and Miss Lewis restored to her school, the truth of history and justice to Mr. Smith demand alike that the truth be told. While the matter was pending Mr. Smith's lips were closed. He was obliged to bear in large measures the blame of a thing he had no hand in bringing about. He signed the paper asking for Miss Lewis' resignation upon the statement of facts presented by a colleague whose probity hak not then nor has he now any reason to doubt, that the matter proved not to be so bad as represented is as pleasing to him as to any of her friends. Having joined his colleagues in requesting her resignation he had no information to sustain a contrary course but when the General Board reconsidered the resignation it was upon his motion that the investigation was had. The minutes of the Board meeting May 10, of which I have a printed copy before me contain the following.

"By Mr. Smith."

"*Resolved*. That the resignation of Miss C. E. Lewis be not accepted and that the whole subject of acceptance and her request for an investigation into the causes that led to its tender and the accompanying petition of Mrs. C. M. Langston and others be referred to the committee on Teachers for investigation and report and pending such investigation Miss C. E. Lewis be suspended etc."

The above was known to the writer sometime ago to whom Mr. Smith more than once expressed sympathy for the lady and disclaimed all personal feeling in the matter. That the whole of the above statement is true will no doubt be manifest to everyone, before this matter is fully concluded.

THE WASHINGTON CADETS.

The Washington Cadets, C. A. Fleetwood, Captain, celebrated their first anniversary at Gales' Woods last Monday, having first, headed by the U. S. Artillery Band, accompanied by the Capital City Guards, and Lincoln Light Infantry, made a parade through the principal streets of the city. They were highly complimented for their very fine soldierly appearance. On arrival at the grounds they were formally welcomed by Wm. E. Matthews, Esq., one of the honorary members, in a neat speech. After which they spent the evening in diversions Mr. Matthews' speech was as follows:

Mr. Commander, Officers and Men:

Amid the bright glories of this magnificent pure day, you meet to celebrate your first anniversary. I salute you! and in the name of this great community I wish you joy; and can only hope that you may safely and pleasantly pass through the infantile complaints of measels, teething and whooping cough, and grow into a stout and vigorous maturity!

The profession of arms is one of the oldest and most respected; and shines down through the centuries in a long array of distinguished names, alongside of poets, philosophers, statesmen, and others who have aided the world forward by the splendor of their genius or the greatness of their exploits: Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Hannibal, Alfred the Great, Oliver Cromwell, Wellington, Washington, Von Moltke and Grant, —"These are the few, the immortal names, that were not born to die," and which shine down the corridor of time.

The lawfulness of war has been frequently doubted and denied—as well doubt the lawfulness of Surgery. No one wishes to amputate a man's leg if it can be cured without; but if mortification sets in, and it is seen that the leg will peril the life of the man, if not taken off, then it is that the skill of the surgeon is called in requisition, who with knife and saw cuts off the limb and saves the life of patient; and so when a nation is smitten with some great evil—like slavery or a desire to oppress a weaker neighbor; when protest, and argument and arbitration fail, then must it be cut out by the keen edge of war; and so every student of history must admit that civilization itself is but the history of a thousand battle fields. There is such a thing as unlawful war, as when Napoleon the First marched his mighty armies up and down Europe in his mad search after universal empire. But most wars have had a high and beneficiary mission—the wars of Alexander the Great, for instance, who scattered the seeds of Greek culture and thought upon remote shores, and which have made all Europe bud and blossom in art, in literature, and all high beauty.

Wars against oppression, as when Hampden resisted the illegal tax, and when Oliver Cromwell overthrew an unjust government; and, when Wellington beat back Napoleon on the fields of Waterloo; or when Garibaldi put a stop to oppressive governments in Italy, or when the mighty armies of the North, in our country, hurled themselves like an avalanche on the rebels in the South and crushed and throttled not only the spirit of rebellion, but saved a race to freedom.

I am free to confess that I do not apprehend a war in this country for a very long time; we are growing with such prodigious strength and rapidity, that none of the powers of the Old World will dare to molest us; for surely we put to flight the well-trained armies of England, a hundred years ago, when our population numbered less than three millions, now, that we are over fifty millions, what is it we could not do? I think, upon our own soil, we would be a match for all Europe combined. While we hear the mutterings of unrest from the South, yet I think the remembrance of the tremendous defeat they sustained in the recent strife, will keep them from such folly for the next two generations at least.

But while it is not probably that you will be called upon to vindicate the honors of your country upon the bloody field of war. You can aid the cause of a race's advancement in a thousand different ways:

"For Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War."

And as your magnificent battalion march the streets of our city, with such a firm tread and manly bearing, you march through the prejudices of the most besotted and become the pride and admiration of all good citizens of both colors and of all politics.

Were I to speak at greater length, which I will not do, I should address you on the power of discipline, and demonstrate how obedience to authority, promptness, neatness, punctuality, soberness and a high endeavor, will help us on in the struggle for a grander, broader manhood.

Slowly but surely are we emerging out of the shadows of the past. Step by step do we climb the heights of manly achievements. The past week has been a busy one in schools of this city, and in cities far off, Howard, Wayland, Sumner, and the Normal School have all sent an eager band to try the temper of their steel in the hard arena of actual life. We seem to be on the eve of a new departure. On the Fourth of March last, as your battalion, of which we are so proud, filed into the Avenue, there was a "halt" called, and while you made no progress, I noticed you were in motion, you were "marking time" and when the command came, clear and sharp along the lines, "Forward, march!" I saw you go forward with a majestic tread and a martial mein that now the admiration and applause of the thousands who beheld you. The "marking time" I then saw was a necessary prelude to the prelude to the unison of movements. May it not be that for the past fifteen years since Freedom came; we too have been "marking time" and now with a preparation more ample, we, with ready limb and waiting ear, catch the command; "Forward, march!" and trustfully, and joyfully march forward to the glad future which awaits us.

G. U. O. of O. F.

Communications for this column should be addressed to "ODD FELLOWS' COLUMN," PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE

Brief communications and inquiries for this column are invited. It is, as its name implies, devoted to the interests of the order.—Ed.

BROTHERLY LOVE LODGE No. 896. J. L. Thomas, P. S. No. 106 Short st, Harrisburg, Pa. Every Monday evening Eby's Building Market st. near 6th. dec25 1y

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Mount Olive Lodge No. 1333 meetings 1st and 3rd Mondays, Judson Malvin P. S. Lock Box 16, or 1711 11th street.

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PHILADELPHIA.

The annual sermon of the G. U. O. of Odd Fellows, in this city, was delivered by Rev. J. S. Thompson, of Radiant Star Lodge, Chester Pa., on Sunday afternoon last (12th inst) at Bethel church. The order to the number of nearly 200 met at their Hall mostly in full regalia, and proceeded to the church in a body. The day was all that could be desired for the occasion; it being bright and pleasant and every Brother vied with each other to look in uniformity, and the members of the order were generally complimented on their good appearance and deportment.

As usual the well-known faces of Ex G. M. Barr G. Secy. Bowser and Ex G. T. Mercer were noticeable in the ranks. The appearance of the M. V. P's created a sort of enthusiasm among the members which we predict will be beneficial to that branch.

The whole was under the marshalship of M. V. P. John D. Alle of No. 711, assisted by P. N. P's I Ambrose of No. 895, C. Solomon of No. 964 and John H. Brown of No. 1344.

We regret to notice the absence of Ex G. M. R. Jones and J. W. Johnson on this occasion.

The 18th anniversary of Good Hope Lodge No. 1122, will take place on Thursday evening next, 16th inst., at the Hall, 37th and Market streets. They propose having a good time as usual.

The Carthagenian Lodge No. 901 intends celebrating their 33rd anniversary by an entertainment at Musical Fund Hall, on Thursday evening the 23rd inst. they have secured the services of Prof. W. Howard Day, of Harrisburg, Pa., to deliver the address of the evening, and other things besides.

The G. U. O. of O. F. Hall Association will give a Grand Excursion to Cape May, N. J., on Thursday August 25th. Please remember it.

Yours in
F. L. T.

—Quarterly Meeting at Union Bethel, Sunday, 26th inst. Preaching at 11 a. m., Dr. Seaton; 3 p. m., Rev. S. S. Wales; 8 p. m, Rev. Dr. Seaton.

—Still another. Mrs. Sarah J. Robinson has not a moment too soon opened Ice Cream Parlors at her residence 1545 M street n. w., where these pleasants nights you can drop in and try a little vanilla or lemon, quaff a glass of ginger ale, take a box home to your better half and be happy.

GENERAL AMANUENSIS OFFICE.

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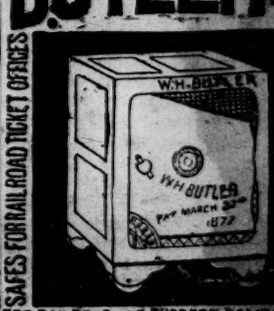

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THE NEWS.

The Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Company has arranged an all-rail line from Baltimore to Richmond via Fredericksburg.

W. Pinkney White, late U. S. Senator, has been nominated for Mayor of Baltimore.

The village of Ludington, situated on Lake Michigan, at the terminus of the Flint and Pere Marquette Railroad, was visited by a destructive conflagration, which nearly wiped out the entire business portion of the town. The loss is estimated at $200,000; insurance small.

There is a rumor in Washington that the President has received a private telegram from General Miles saying that the court-martial recently held in New York has sustained the charges against Whittaker, the colored cadet.

The boy preacher, Thomas Harrison, is conducting a revival in Indianapolis, Ind. The total number of converts is reported to be nearly 4,000.

By a vote of 2,278 to 458 the county of Laurens, S. C., has voted a liberal subscription to the proposed Greenville and Laurens Railroad.

Pairick Redigan, a boy who was bitten in the lip by a dog two months ago, died in New York of hydrophobia.

A hail and rain storm of great severity visited Cincinnati. The hailstones were unusually large and solid and broke nearly all the windows having northern exposure and fragile glass. Church and school house windows especially suffered.

Chief D. W. Bushyhead, of the Cherokee Nation, has issued a proclamation for a general election the 1st of August. Forty members of the Nation Council, sixteen of the Grand Council, judge, solicitor and clerk for each district are to be chosen.

The latest intelligence from Peking is to the effect that the youthful Emperor has been suffering from small-pox for twenty days. He is in a critical condition, and the court physicians have little hope of his recovery.

Robert Dunlap & Co.'s tobacco factory, in Louisville, was destroyed by fire. The engineer, named Flynn, who, it is said, went to bed drunk and set the building on fire, perished in the flames.

At Russelville, Ark., Al Emory was lynched, it is supposed from the fact of Governor Churchill having commuted his death sentence to twenty years in the penitentiary for killing his wife.

A satirical inn-keeper in Wytheville, Va., advertises his house as "the only second-class hotel in the world."

A third dividend amounting to $1.35 for each depositor has just been declared by Commissioner Knox, the commissioner of the Freedman's Bank.

The committee to open bids for Brussels carpets for the Treasury Department has reported in favor of Messrs. W. B. Moses and C. W. Hayes, of Washington, at $1.19 a yard.

The charter of St. Lewis, Texas and Gulf of Mexico Railroad was filed at [illegible], Texas, Monday: capital $3,125,000.

James M. Burton, a saloon keeper, in Philadelphia, was arrested, charged with counterfeiting fifty-dollar bills of the Central National Bank of New York. Three of the fifty-dollar bills were offered in evidence. He was committed in default of $3,000 bail.

A collision occurred on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at Elysville, killing an engineer, and wrecking several cars.

Miss M. M. Gillett has been appointed a notary public in Washington, (the first appointment of a female to a similar position ever made.)

The amount of coupon fives received at the Treasury for conversion into three and a-half per cents. to date aggregate about $40,000,000.

The Kentucky State Commissioner of Agriculture, in a monthly bulletin just issued, says that the drouth in May has done more damage to wheat than was anticipated, and there cannot possibly be more than two-thirds of a crop. Corn has suffered from bad seed and drouth, and must be late in maturing. Hemp and tobacco promise well.

A dastardly murder, followed by robbery, was perpetrated in Alexander county, N. C., at the house of James Thompson, who was known to be a miser and possessed of large means. Though eighty years old, he went to work as usual in a field, leaving no one at home except his daughter, an old maid of forty. On returning he found his daughter dead on the door-step from blows with an axe and his hoard of money carried away.

A fire among the bonded warehouses destroyed property to the amount of $300,000, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

The suspension in Boston is announced of the old firm of E. P. Cutler & Co., iron dealers, which was owing to the continued depression in pig iron and the downward movement therein; liabilities between six and seven hundred thousand dollars.

The British steamer Taranua was wrecked on the New Zealand coast and over seventy lives, including men, women and children, were lost.

The Ohio Greenback Association, nominated the following State ticket: For Governor, John Sietz; for Lieutenant-Governor, Charles Jenkins; Supreme Judge, Joseph Watson.

Included in the stores sent out to San Francisco for the steamer Rodgers, about to start in search of the Jeannette, was a large quantity of canned goods, which have proved to be entirely worthless.

By the late fire in Quebec, 642 houses were burned and 6,028 individuals rendered homeless. Two-thirds of these parties lost everything by the fire.

W. H. Williams and W. R. Brown, two wealthy gentlemen, have been indicted at Gainesville, Texas, for robbing the United States mails.

A fire in the Adams White Lead Works at Baltimore, consumed $100,000 worth of property.

Hugh E. Mullen, a clerk in the distributing department of the post-office at St. Louis, has been held in $5,000 bond on the charge of purloining money from letters.

The Chester, Iron Mountain and Western Railroad Company has been organized at St. Louis, with a capital of $2,500,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Foxhall won the race for the grand prize of Paris—There was a large procession, with bands and banners, in the town of Millstreet, county Cork, Ireland but no disturbance—The bishop of Ross, Ireland, strongly deprecates resort to violence—The men captured for attempting to blow up the Liverpool Town Hall have been remanded on the charge of "damaging a building with the attempt to commit murder"—At daybreak 300 men marched to the Liverpool prison, where the dynamite plotters are confined, but dispersed when the alarm was given and armed wardens appeared.

Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has arrived in London.—Strangers with parcels will be hereafter excluded from the House of Commons.—Several arrests under the Coercion act were made in Ireland.——On account of the continued illness of his wife, Edwin Booth asks English theatrical managers to release him from his engagements.—In the betting for the St. Leger stakes the betting is 100 to 30 against Iroquois.—The alleged murderers of Abdul Aziz have been indicted. Midhat Pasha admits having aided in the deposition of Abdul Aziz, but denies complicity in his murder.

Iroquois won the Prince of Wales stakes in the Ascot races.—The launch of the steamship City of Rome at Barrow, England, was accompanied by a fatal boiler explosion.—The French Chamber of Deputies voted 14,000,000 francs to pay the expenses of the war against Tunis.—The Italian premier announced to the Chamber of Deputies that the government would insist upon an educational test for suffrage.—The people of the Russian province of Tomsk are migrating to Siberia to escape starvation.

Several more arrests under the Coercion act have been made in Ireland.—A steel paddle-wheel steamer will soon join the English squadron on the Irish coast.—The English torpedo-ram Polyphemus was launched at Chatham, England.—French troops are returning home from Tunis.—The Italian Chamber of Deputies is still debating the Electoral Reform bill.

The Chinese Miscegenation Case.

The famous miscegenation case, in which a Chinaman and a white woman were indicted for intermarriage, the ceremony having been performed in Colorado, was decided by Chief Justice Sener. The court held that the marriage being legal in Colorado it was legal at Cheyenne, W. T., under the statute. The defendants were finally discharged. A curious outgrowth of the case is that the Chinamen here have ostracised the bridegroom, Lee Chin, and claim that he has disgraced their race by marrying a white woman

Fashion Sprays.

Very little jewelry is worn with white toilets.

Bright yellow silk mitts are worn with toilets of black.

Silk warp Victoria is a new material for summer wear.

Mother of pearl spangles are mingled in bead embroidery.

The newest steel trimming is black lace finely beaded.

New kerchiefs in colored silk have borders of flowered gauze.

Old-fashioned paste buckles now glitter upon large poke bonnets.

Fine embroidery and elaborate shirrings are the adornments of India mull dresses.

Collars with rolling edges covered with blue or rod are worn with cotton dresses.

The large Anne of Austria collars, covered with fine embroidery, are worn over dresses of white linen lawn.

The wide-spreading Bernhardt ties of India mull have been discarded by the ultra fashionable people who so lately appeared behind them.

Very handsome grenadine toilets are imported, combined with satin sublime, and trimmed with rich steel-beaded fringes and appliques.

A London paper, treating on artificial aid to the toilet, says: "We are told how womanhood is nowadays a delusion and a snare; and the poet who wrote a sonnet to an eyebrow would only be addressing a few touches of Indian ink." Apropos of this eyebrow subject it is a curious fact that nature always makes the eyebrow in proportionate length to the rest of the features. Thicken an eyebrow if you like, but never lengthen it. It always gives a look as if there was a cast in the eye.

Mormon Women.

But of all the ill-conditioned, God-forsaken, hapless-looking people I ever saw, the women here beat them all. Yesterday was supply day for the Mormon farmers living outside the city. They bring their wives into town in dead axle wagons, and fill in the vacant room with children who look fully as bad as their mothers, if not worse. Many of them are lame and humpbacked, and all look sickly and are ill-clad. Two out of every three women on the streets yesterday had nursing infants on their arms, and four out of five of the children are said to be girls. One of the saints has thirteen wives and ninety-four children; another has nine wives and five nursing babies, which he exhibits with all the pride I should take in a lot of fine horses. I never realized the infernal nature of the institution nor its effect upon society as I do now. The sooner our Government crushes it out the better for humanity. It is a blot upon the face of the earth, particularly in this lovely valley, so green and beautiful, with apple, peach, pear, and plum trees in full blossom—grass waving in the wind, bees humming and birds singing, like our July weather, while just beyond all this, in the background, are the mountain tops covered with snow. It is the prettiest sight I ever saw, and one which I never shall forget.—*Salt Lake Letter.*

HUMOROUS.

Fair maiden, judge not a young man by the tint of his eyes or his blooming cheeks, but rather by the bloom of his nose.—*McGregor News.*

"I feel quite a tome here, how do you feel?" as the bound volume upon the library shelf said to a neighboring album. "I feel just like a book," replied the album.

Jay Gould's profits last year were six million dollars. How nice it must be to be able to buy a whole custard pie at once and not feel that you have to suffer for the extravagance.—*Free Press.*

"There is one thing I envy a hog for," said Spencerton to the barber. "He don't have to be shaved till after death." "Some hogs does and some doesn't," replied the artist. There is no use arguing with a barber while in his power.

"So you enjoyed your visit to the menagerie, did you?" inquired a young man of his adored one's little sister. "Oh, yes! And, do you know, we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes around awfully; and sister said it looks exactly like you when you are reciting poetry at the evening parties."

John Hensley had long suffered from a diseased spine, and thinking he could make it no worse, but could make money, he found an unprotected hole in an Indianapolis street, which he carefully fell into, sued the city for damages and got $1,500. Then he went to Chicago, went through the same process and got $2,500—and then he was arrested for perjury, and that put an end to the spine business.

What She Called Him.

A well-known educationalist vouches for the truth of the following: A teacher in a lower grade in one of our public schools received a new pupil the other day—a little Miss of six or seven years, named, say, Mattie Brown. After taking her name for the school rolls according to custom, the teacher said:

"What is your papa's name, Mattie?"

"Mr. Brown."

"Yes, but what is his first name?"

"Don't know—his name is just Mr. Brown."

"Yes, yes—I know—then, as a bright idea struck her, "What does your mamma call him?"

"Oh! I know what you mean now," the innocent child replied; "ma she calls him a darned old fool!"

It is safe to conclude that the teacher did not register the child's father as D. O. F. Brown.—*Rochester Union.*

(Detroit Post and Tribune.)

I have a little girl, said Mr. Henry Dole, of this city, in a conversation who was troubled with a severe lameness in her legs, pronounced by some Erysipelas, by others Rheumatism. I had tried several remedies without effect, when I was induced to apply St. Jacobs Oil, and I am happy to say that the use of but one bottle cured her, and she is now able to go to school again.

An exchange says, "In an angry instant a man may do what a life-time of repentance cannot undo. His necktie, for instance.—*Statesman.*

(Attleboro Chronicle.)

Carrying the News.

Mr. John Etzensperger, manufacturing Jeweler of North Attleboro', Mass., lately communicated to us the following: I suffered so much with pains in my arm, that at times I was completely helpless. I used that incomparable remedy St. Jacobs Oil and was completely cured as if by magic.

A good man who went to Washington to see whether his representative had retained his political innocence, felt insulted when he was invited to take a seat on "the floor of the house."

A Good Account.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness and suffering, costing $200 per year, total, $1,200, all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their own benefit."

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An Indian Chief calls his musket "Book Agent," because it is an old smooth bore.

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Says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures after all other remedies had failed, I visited the Laboratory, and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is prepared from barks, roots and herbs, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

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The boy who was kept after school for bad orthography said he was spellbound.

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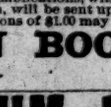

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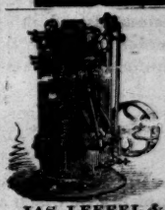

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